

# The Sketch

No. 1125 —Vol. LXXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

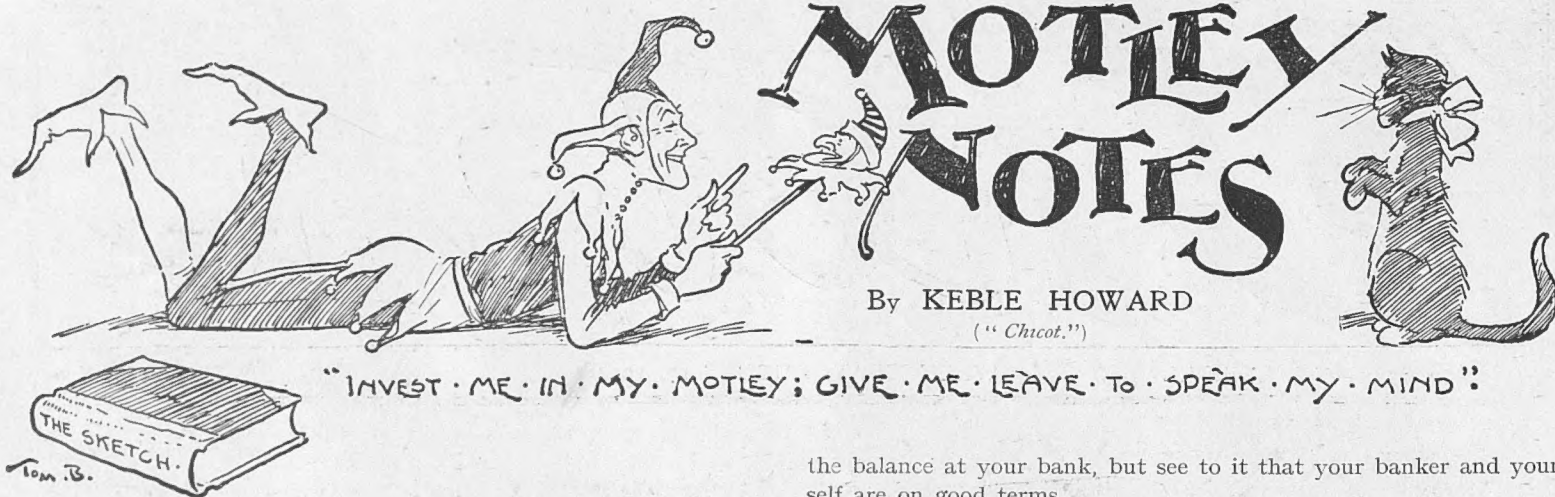


SERVING IN BELGIUM WITH THE RED CROSS : MILLICENT, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

It is announced that Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, has left Paris for Brussels to join the Belgian Red Cross. Lady Sutherland has always been interested in hospital work and social questions, and is President of the Potteries Cripples' Guild. Several years ago she took a prominent part in connection with

Dr. Quinton's sea-water cure for various illnesses. She is the eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn and mother of the present Duke of Sutherland, who has lent Dunrobin Castle, his Scottish home, as a hospital base, and formed a committee to deal with other offers of the kind.





### A MANIFESTO.

#### TO THE MAN OF FORTY!

SIR,—Your patriotism and courage are known to all. Your passionate desire to seize a gun and shoot down the enemies of your country is beyond dispute. But your position to-day is extremely difficult. Lord Kitchener has asked for one hundred thousand men who must be unmarried and not over thirty years of age. You are married and forty years of age—or thereabouts. You play tennis, and you play golf, and you feel as young as a boy of twenty. But Lord Kitchener knows better. He knows the difference between you and the man under thirty years of age.

He knows, in the first place, that very few men of forty, who have led the ordinary civilian life, could stand the hardships of campaigning. He knows that he would have you on his hands, in hospital, before you ever had the chance of firing a shot. He knows that, whereas you slept out-of-doors on the bare ground when you were twenty, and thought nothing of it, one week of such exposure to-day would see you on the sick-list. He knows that you have become accustomed to regular meals—a prosaic thought at such a time, but soldiers fight on their stomachs. It is even easier to fight on an empty stomach than on a disordered stomach. He knows that your powers of recuperation are not half as good at forty as they were at twenty-five and thirty, when you broke every rule of health with impunity.

#### YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES.

Lord Kitchener knows, further, that you have grave responsibilities. You have others dependent for their existence upon your efforts. If you suddenly deserted your profession or your business, and flung yourself, to the huge delight of all the panic-stricken sentimental old maids in the country, into the firing-line—always supposing that you were permitted to make such a muddle of the scientific business of War—the whole machinery of this country would suddenly stop dead, and then, for all the value attaching to it, the Germans might as well have England as not.

It is not pleasant to sleep in a comfortable bed or sit down to a good dinner when you know that two million men are pouring lead into one another just across the water, but that is what you must do. I will come in a moment to other things that you should do, but first I want to say a word in season about War.

War, please bear in mind, is a science. It is no more to be treated as a job for amateurs than the construction of a watch or a motor-car. It is a matter for experts. Just as every man thinks he could edit a newspaper or manage a theatre, so every man thinks he could take a hand in military matters. My dear Sir, you could not. If you were a young man with no responsibilities, you could be drilled and taught to shoot. As matters stand, yours must be the nerve-racking task of carrying-on in the usual manner—unless and until you are wanted. You may be wanted, and that brings me to

#### THE THINGS YOU CAN DO NOW.

The first thing you have to do is to inspire confidence in your household and your neighbours. This is to be effected, not by abusing and ridiculing the enemy, and boasting about the Magnitude and the Majesty of Great Britain, but in going about your daily occupations exactly as you have been doing for the past ten years. Get your affairs into perfect order. Pay your just debts. Restrict your expenditure to necessities, not forgetting that a little pleasure may be a necessary even in times of War. Do not unduly increase

the balance at your bank, but see to it that your banker and yourself are on good terms.

Then, your domestic and business arrangements being in good trim, get into good physical trim yourself. I observe that some people have given up their out-of-door recreations since the beginning of the War. They seem to think it more patriotic to sit about in clubs or in their houses, storing up an attack of congestion of the liver, than to keep hard and fit in case of emergency by taking their usual exercise. I believe it is the solemn duty of every man in this country to get and to keep as physically fit as possible.

#### LEARN TO SHOOT.

Next comes the tremendously important question of shooting. It has been said to the point of nausea, but it must be said again now, that it does not matter how brave or patriotic you may be if you cannot shoot. Any man of any age between fifteen and seventy can learn, in these days, to shoot with a service rifle. You cannot expect to learn in a second. You must give time and trouble to it. You must go to the nearest rifle-range, and you must put yourself in the hands of the instructor, and you must patiently pot away at the target until you are certain of hitting the target. That is not so easy as it sounds. Then you may try to make certain of scoring an inner, and after that you may polish yourself into a marksman. But the great and the urgent thing now is to get accustomed to handling the weapon that will be, presumably, served out to you in case of emergency.

Women, also, can learn to fire with the miniature rifle. At the rifle-range in the village where I live, I have seen, in addition to the youths and men of middle-age, old men of seventy and girls of fourteen and fifteen. Imagine the formidable condition of this country if every adult, every person over the age of fourteen, could load and fire one of the very efficient modern weapons! There is not the slightest reason why every adult should not learn. The local authorities will put all the facilities in your way.

#### THE MOTOR-CAR IN WAR.

Well, Sir, you are now fit in mind and body for anything that may happen. Your affairs are in order; your nerves are in order; and you can shoot. Is there anything else you can do?

Yes, there is one thing that a good many men of forty can do. A great many readers of this journal are owners of motor-cars and know how to drive a car. The Automobile Association and the Royal Automobile Club have asked for cars and drivers. Here is a splendid chance! The value of the motor-car in modern warfare has yet to be proved, but it should be very great. Consider. If the War Office has ten thousand cars and ten thousand drivers at its disposal, that means that forty thousand men can be moved from one part of the country to another far more quickly and easily than by any other means. The days of forced marches by infantry should be over. Infantry, in the old days, were not so mobile as cavalry; the motor-car should make them mobile. If the enemy blow up railway-bridges and destroy railway-lines, what does that matter? We shall whisk the troops over the roads at forty miles an hour. If a main road is seized, we shall take a bye-road.

Therefore, Sir, if you are a driver-owner and have not already offered your car and your services, do so to-day. The civilian cannot suddenly become an expert soldier, but he can be of great value if he will help the Army with the expert knowledge that he already possesses.

That is what we have to do—*Help the Army!*

GOD SAVE THE KING!



## TO TEACH THE GERMAN SOLDIERS TO DANCE! MORDKIN.



SUPPORTERS OF THE EMPIRE (LEICESTER SQUARE) TO SUPPORT THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE: THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCERS, MME. ALEXANDRA BALACHOWA, WHO IS TO BE A RED CROSS NURSE, AND M. MICHAEL MORDKIN, WHO IS A RESERVIST, LEAVING CHARING CROSS FOR THE FRONT.

M. Michael Mordkin and Mme. Balachowa, who but a short time ago were giving their "Dance Bacchanale" to delighted houses at the Empire, have since accepted a more serious engagement, and both recently left London for Russia to serve their country in the war. M. Mordkin has gone as a Reservist, and Mme. Balachowa to

act as a Red Cross nurse. M. Mordkin is reported to have remarked laughingly to some friends before he started that he had taught a number of Russians and Britons and other people to dance, and now he was going to have an opportunity of teaching the Germans to dance.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



## IN GRIM EARNEST: SPORTSMEN ON ACTIVE SERVICE.



MR. K. R. PALMER—2ND LIEUTENANT IN THE TERRITORIALS.



CAPTAIN C. W. BANBURY—OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.



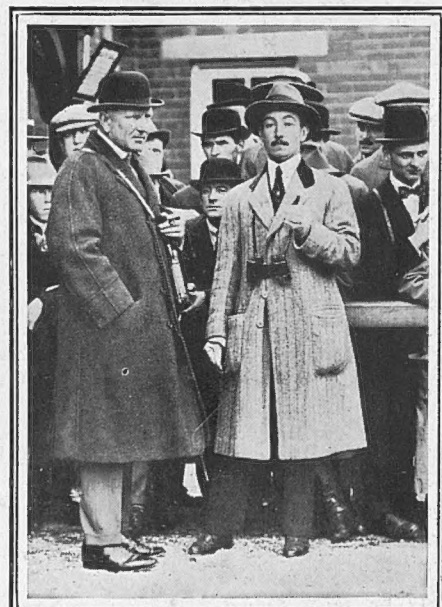
CAPTAIN LORD HUGH GROSVENOR—OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS.



CAPTAIN PAYNTER—A WELL-KNOWN RACING MAN.



SIR CHARLES B. LOWTHER, BT. (X)—OF THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE YEOMANRY.



CAPTAIN DERMOT H. B. MCCALMONT—OF THE 7TH (QUEEN'S OWN) HUSSARS.



CAPTAIN THE HON. E. H. WYNDHAM—OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS.



CAPTAIN THE HON. ROBERT BRUCE—OF THE 11TH HUSSARS (SPECIAL RESERVE).



CAPTAIN H. A. TOMKINSON—OF THE 1ST ROYAL DRAGOONS.

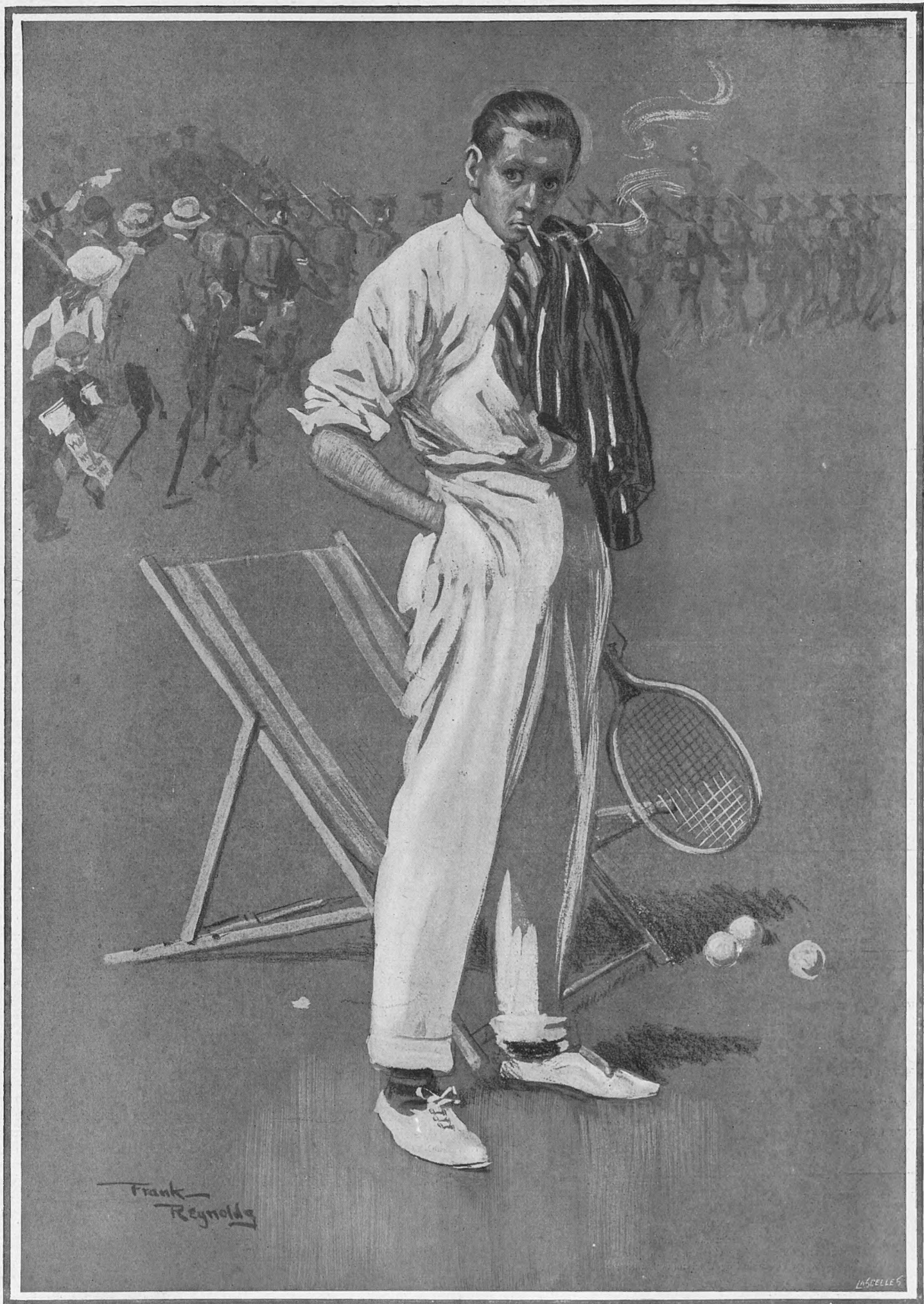
The call to arms has summoned to active service quite a number of men well known in various branches of sport. Among them are Captain McCalmont, the owner of The Tetrarch, Captain Tomkinson, of polo fame, and, besides the others whose portraits are here given, Captain Gibbon, R.A., the Cambridge racing coach, who

also won a jumping prize for officers at the International Horse Show. Lord Hugh Grosvenor is a son of the first Duke of Westminster. Sir Charles Lowther, who is the fourth Baronet, served in South Africa. Mr. E. H. Wyndham is a brother of Lord Leconfield; Mr. Robert Bruce is the second of the six sons of the Earl of Elgin.

Photographs by Sport and General.



## FRANK REYNOLDS COMMENTS.



FOR SALE.

## "JOHNNY, GET YOUR GUN!"

The call, "Your Country Needs You!" has met with a fine response on all sides from the young men of the nation. That much-satirized person, the "Nut," has shown up well, casting away racket and golf-clubs to shoulder a rifle. If the modern "nut" is like the "nuts" of old he will make a fine soldier. Good luck to him!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



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### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and  
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### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

#### KINGS, KINGDOM, AND PEOPLE: GALLANT BELGIUM.\*

##### Signs and Portents.

The splendid stand made by the Belgians  
against the Germans seems to have surprised  
the world. Why? It is true that even those  
brave men who have won the Knighthood of the Legion of Honour  
for their city are workers, even as we are shopkeepers. "To cease-  
less industry the Belgian people owe their national existence. That  
industry has placed Belgium, which counts at the present hour  
seven and a half million inhabitants, relatively to its population, at  
the head of the two worlds in economic competition." But there  
is much more than that. There are a natural gallantry, an inborn  
desire for freedom, a desire to progress: "The Low Countries  
suffered from, and rebelled against, the narrow despotism of  
Philip II. and the ill-judged liberalism of Joseph II. They were rent  
by the religious wars in the end of the sixteenth century, and  
dismembered by France; but, throughout all, the Belgians retained  
their independence. . . . The Belgian peasants fearlessly faced the  
all-conquering armies of the French Republic. Despite the persecu-  
tion of the revolutionaries, religion remained unshaken in Belgium.  
Belgian art survived the darkest days. Commerce and industry,  
crushed for a time when religious differences made Dutch and  
Belgians foes, revived when Europe breathed under the Empire of  
Napoleon." Think also of the Belgian revolution—"the work of  
the *petite bourgeoisie* of the towns, both Flemish and Walloon, who  
with the whole nation reprobating the tyranny of strangers, had  
recourse one fine day . . . to a revolutionary process to put an end  
to a detested régime." And remember, too, other signs. "Belgium  
was the first Continental country in which railways were built.  
From their construction, which commenced in 1834, new Belgium  
may be said to have sprung." And "the Belgians boast that they  
alone of Continental peoples have full freedom of speech and  
organisation." Those be important matters.

##### The King Who Would have Died Penniless.

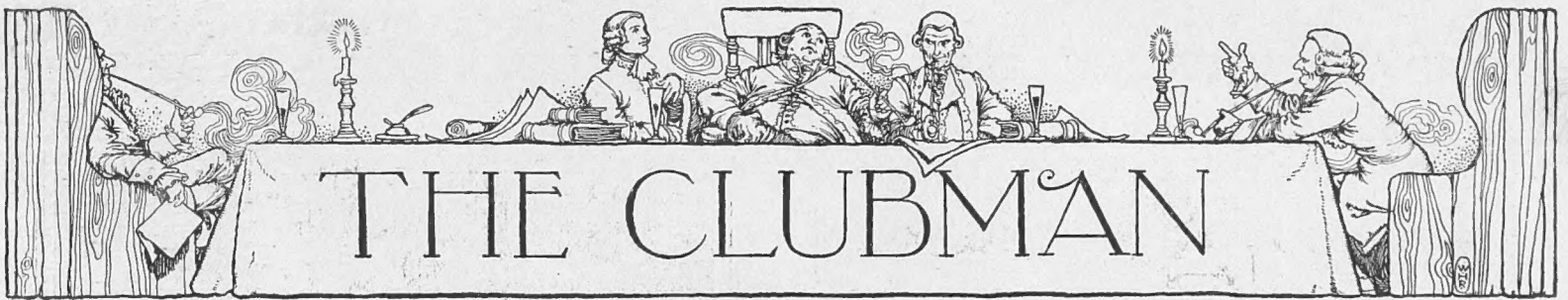
The Belgians are industrious and thrifty. In  
making money they, perhaps, but seek to  
live. At least one of their rulers—one much  
talked about—had other reasons for money-  
seeking and hoarding. That was Leopold II. of the Congo. "It  
was by a chance he tried hard to avoid that he died worth  
money. 'The King is a strange man,' said M. Beernaert, who was  
Prime Minister of Belgium at the moment the Chambers consented  
to his becoming Sovereign of the Congo; 'he wishes to make much  
money and to die without a penny.' That was said four years  
before the closing days of King Leopold's life, in which all the world  
saw him feverishly trying to rid himself of everything he possessed,  
even down to the liveries on his servants' backs. . . . King  
Leopold's great aim in money-making was noble. His idea was to  
endow Belgium with a fleet of merchant ships, which could, if  
necessary, be turned into a navy, and to expand the commerce and  
industry of the Belgians in every land. Two Great Powers joined  
in preventing him from creating his fleet. None prevented him  
from expanding Belgian commerce, and to-day in every distant  
country, in Asia as well as Africa, Belgians are in the first rank of  
traders and administrators."

##### The King of the Belgians from England.

Writing of a ruler reminds one that the first  
King of the Belgians came out of England.  
"In November 1830, when the Belgians voted  
the exclusion of the House of Orange, another  
candidate for the Belgian throne, and the hand of an Orleans  
Princess, appeared on the scene. This was Prince Leopold of Saxe-  
Coburg, who, having lost the Consort's crown of England by the ill  
fate which caused the death of his wife, Princess Charlotte, had  
just, to the annoyance of the great Powers, rejected the throne of  
Greece, after intriguing for it, and accepting it." It was not strange  
that he should seek fresh fortune. "Hope of sharing the English  
throne went with his wife's death; but the position of Prince  
Leopold in England remained a brilliant one. He had, besides the  
magnificent estate of Claremont, an annuity of fifty thousand pounds  
a year. He carried a Field-Marshal's baton. He had arranged a  
marriage between his sister and the Duke of Kent, and the issue of  
that marriage was the Princess Victoria, who, in her turn, had  
become heir to the throne. He was the little Princess's chief ad-  
viser. . . . Nevertheless, the Prince's life was a gloomy one. His  
heart dried up when his wife died." So he became King of the  
Belgians and he was a success, "the Nestor of Europe," cold yet  
energetic, giver of new energy and reviver of old, a natural autocrat  
with democratic Ministers, the man who began to mould the Belgian  
into the man he is to-day.—So much to introduce Mr. MacDonnell's  
book, in which none can fail to be interested at the moment, when  
Belgium is making history for herself and for others; with the  
addition that the work is as interesting as it is informative and  
thorough. It covers much ground: from "the Growth of the  
Nation"—descended from Celtic and Germanic tribes—to "the  
Belgian Revolution," "the Search for a King," "Leopold, the  
Empire-Builder," "Albert, the People's King," "Agriculture,"  
"Commerce and Industry," "Art, Literature, and Language,"  
"Belgium, England, the Congo," and so on.

\* "Belgium: Her Kings, Kingdom, and People." By John de Courcy MacDonnell. Illus-  
trated. (John Long; 15s. net.)





WHY CERTAIN WAR NEWS IS SLOW IN COMING THROUGH : WHAT THE SOLDIER SEES : HOW TO FOLLOW THE WAR.

### For God and the Right!

On the whole, Great Britain has gone to war with desperate seriousness. Both the men who are going to fight and the men whose part in the struggle is to pay are facing whatever may be ahead of us with a grave resoluteness. That is the right spirit in which to go into

the smaller men direct the tactics of battles. The simple soldier does, when bullets are flying about, what he has been trained to do in peace time, feeling satisfaction that his comrades and friends in peace time are on either side of him, and that the officer he has learned to trust is telling him when to fire and will lead him forward when it comes to the push of cold steel.



FOR "ROAST BEEF" AND "TATTIES": THE FIELD-KITCHENS IN WHICH TOMMY COOKS HIS DINNER ON SERVICE.

Our illustration shows the long barrel ovens in which Tommy cooks his dinner—when he can get any—on active service. A great deal of attention has been paid to Army cookery and commissariat in recent years, and the organisation is far superior to that in any previous campaign.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

battle. "For God and the Right!" would have been our battle shout in the days when armies clashed together with some cry of their cause on their lips. We are fighting without hate, but with a very fixed determination to prevent a great wrong from being done; and I am sure that the thoughts of the youngest of those Territorials whom I have seen marching through our streets chime in unison with those of the men on whose shoulders rests the tremendous responsibility of guiding this country through the stormy weather ahead of us.

### The Fog of War.

Always at the beginning of a war there is great craving on the part of the public for news, and, above all, for exciting news. But in modern war, when news travels so quickly, every war-correspondent has to be exceedingly careful that in describing what he sees he does not give away information that might be useful to the enemy. At the commencement of war, a chance allusion to a picturesque uniform or the number of a corps in an article telegraphed to an American paper may give a commander in the field in mid-Europe the clue to some movement of his enemy of which he was in ignorance. The commanders intentionally shroud their movements in the fog of war; but millions of amateur strategists at breakfast-time every morning try to pierce this fog, and look to their newspaper for some guidance. Thus the fog of war of necessity overhangs the news from the front that is allowed to reach the public, and no one who has the interests of his country at heart would wish it to be otherwise. Now that the official Press Bureau has been established, everything that can safely be told is told as soon as possible.

### Strategists and Tacticians.

Men in battle, except those in high command, see very little of what is going on, and only understand the portion of the conflict in which they and their regiment are taking part. It is right that this should be so. The great captains of war deal with the strategy of campaigns,

### What the Soldier Sees.

What a soldier knows of a combat was well exemplified by the case of a wounded Belgian cavalryman who gave lurid details of the infantry and artillery battle before Liège—a fight it is highly improbable that he saw, for his Colonel would keep his regiment under cover of the ground and out of sight until the moment came to act. When that moment came and the trooper's own experience of the battle commenced, all he knew was that his regiment charged, that he felt a great shock, and afterwards found that he was wounded and that his lance was broken, but whether or no he killed a Prussian he could not say. That was really all the man knew about the battle.

### How to Follow a War.

To follow the course of the war with reasonable accuracy and with intelligent anticipation of the probable movements of the big armies, buy the largest scale maps you can afford of the various theatres of the war—Belgium and Poland have always been the cockpits of Europe—and as soon as the great phases of the war begin to develop, which should be about the time that these lines are in print, put yourself behind each of your armies of little flags in turn and think what you would do were you the commander and what your adversary is likely to do. Keep in mind that armies march on their stomachs—the starving Uhlans who surrendered at Liège to obtain food were examples that no commander can move with impunity without his commissariat—and that troop trains move at a snail's pace. Look at all official news through a magnifying-glass to gather, if possible, what more might have been said, and look at all unofficial news through a microscope. Remember that there is always a temptation to commanders to magnify a victory and to minimise a rebuff; but



TRYING IT ON THE KID: TEACHING VOLUNTEER NURSES—HOW TO BANDAGE AT KENSINGTON TOWN HALL.

A magnificent response has been made by the women of the country to the appeals of the Red Cross Society and other associations for nurses for the many emergency hospitals which are being fitted up all over the Kingdom for the reception of the wounded and invalids in the war.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

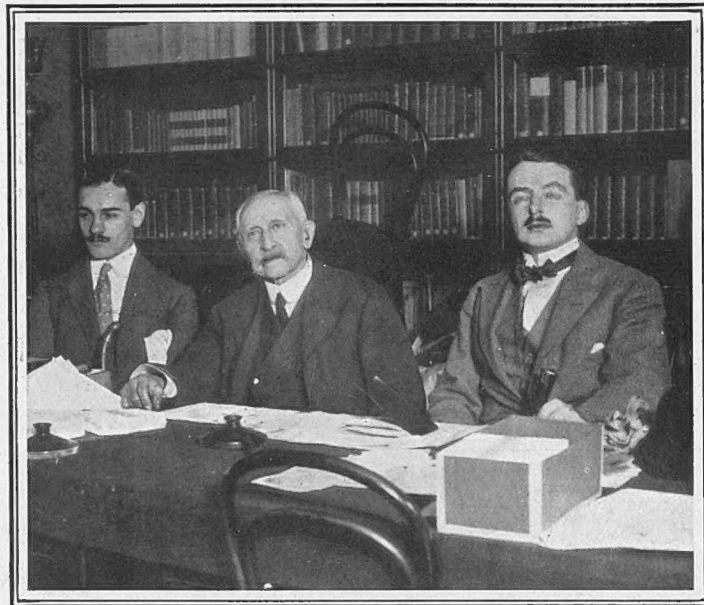
when the rebuffs come, as they must come in a hard-fought campaign, do not assign them too much value on the debit side of the account.



## SIDE - LIGHTS OF THE WAR: SNAPSHOTS AND STORIES.



SOME OF THE FIRST TROPHIES OF WAR: A GIRL UNSCREWING THE SPIKE FROM A GERMAN HELMET ON THE OSTEND BOAT.



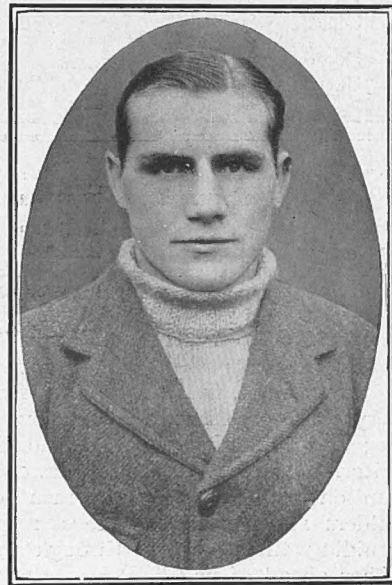
ENROLLING RECRUITS FOR THE KING'S FOREIGN LEGION: PRINCE TSCHAGADAEFF (ON THE LEFT), CHEVALIER LUIGI RICCI, AND M. BORCH.



SAID TO HAVE CARRIED DESPATCHES FROM LIÈGE THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES: A PECULIARLY ACTIVE BULL-DOG.



PIPES PRESENTED TO THE 6TH CITY OF LONDON TERRITORIALS BY THE WIFE OF THE O.C.: CIGARETTES ARE BANNED ON ROUTE MARCHES.



A BRITISH BOXER FOR THE FRONT: BANDSMAN BLAKE, WHO WILL FIGHT WITH THE 2ND NORFOLKS, HIS OLD REGIMENT.



SELLING A THIRD-CLASS TICKET TO AMERICA BY AUCTION AT THE SAVOY HOTEL: STRANDED AMERICANS BIDDING FOR A PASSAGE HOME.

Some of the minor spoils of war have already come into the hands of the souvenir collector. In the illustration shown above a girl is seen examining the spike from a German helmet. Other trophies lie by her side. Recruits have come in for the King's Foreign Legion for active service, which is being organised by Chevalier Ricci. Nearly three thousand men have already enrolled. A story comes from Brussels of a marvellous dog who is alleged to have carried despatches from the front.

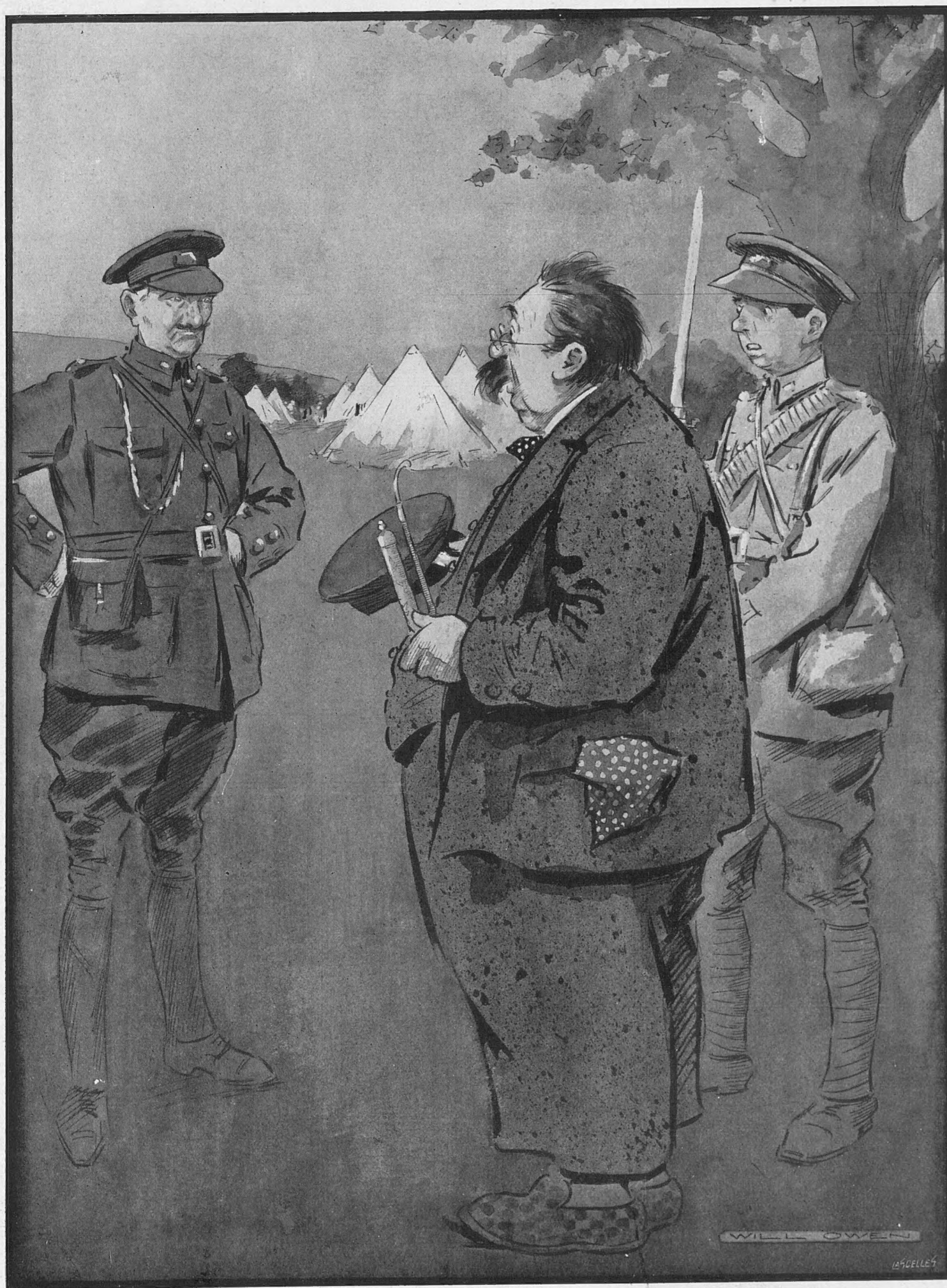


HOW SOME OF THOSE STRANDED IN FRANCE TRAVELLED TO PARIS: FAIR AMERICAN VISITORS TAKE BERTHS IN A CATTLE - TRUCK.

occasions through the German lines from the forts to Liège. He looks somewhat heavy for the work. A recent Army regulation forbids the smoking of cigarettes on route marches. Our photograph shows Mrs. Moore, wife of the Officer Commanding the 6th City of London Territorials, presenting pipes to her husband's men. "Bandsman" Blake, the well-known boxer, has joined the 2nd Norfolks, in which regiment he was originally in the band. Americans are finding great difficulty in returning home.



PROOF POSITIVE.

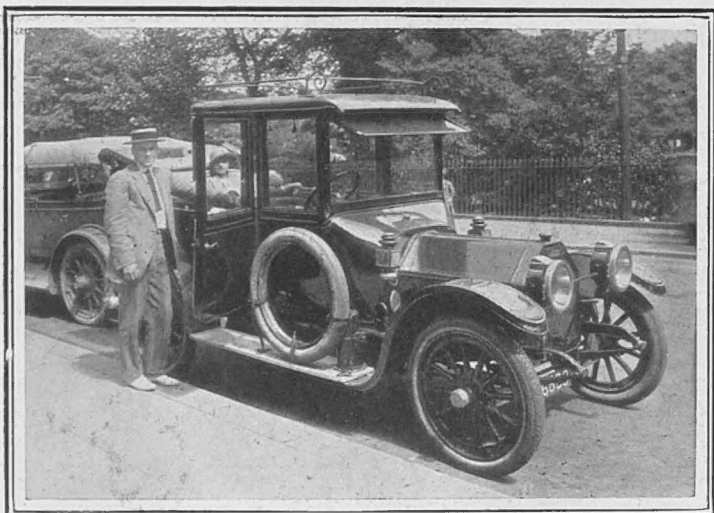


THE CAPTOR (to his superior officer) : Found 'im sittin' on a barrel of lager beer, eatin' sausage like a pig, an' said 'e was a Chinaman.

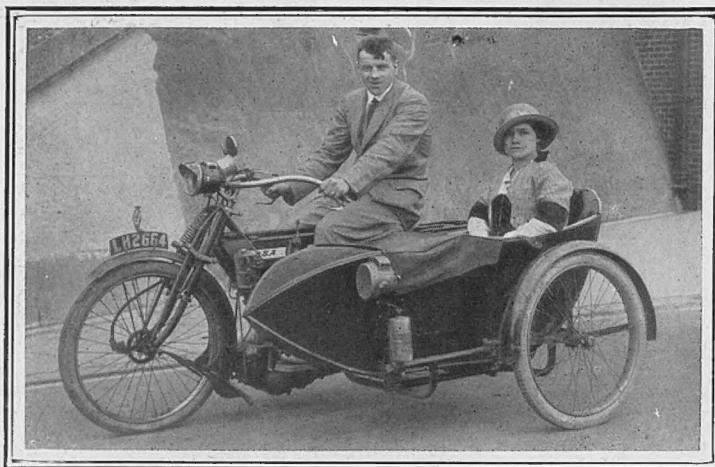
DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



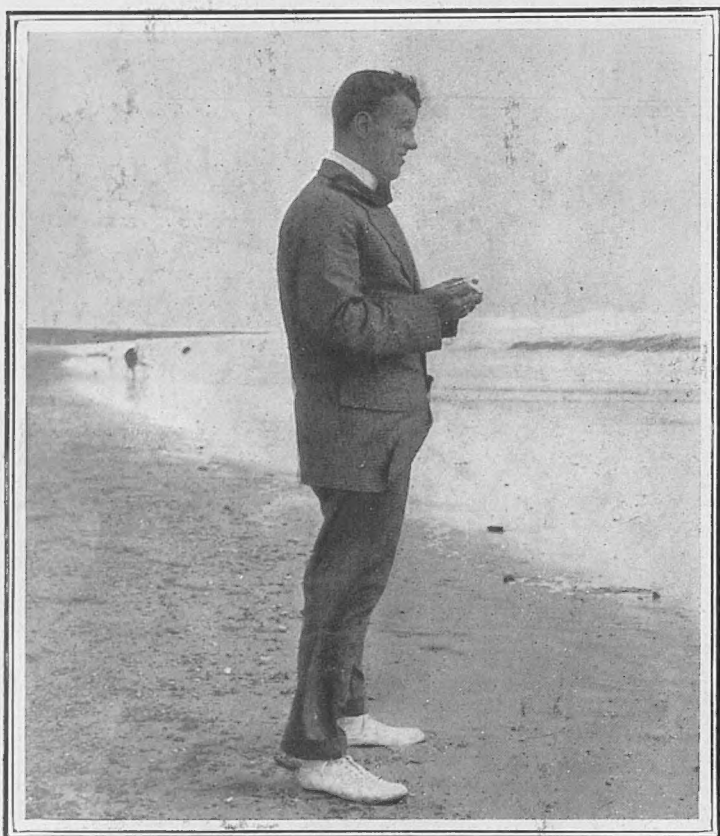
## AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH — YOUNG AHEARN.



"YOU MIGHT CALL THIS THE PRELIMINARY TO A FRIENDLY BOUT—OF CALLS!"



"THE 'MISSUS' THINKS A LOT OF MY DRIVES: THERE'S SOME HORSE-POWER BEHIND THEM."



"I DON'T GET AIR LIKE THIS FROM THE TOWEL-FLAPPERS IN THE RING."



"ERIC'S GOT THE FIGHTING SPIRIT ALL RIGHT, BUT MR. CORRI WOULDN'T LIKE HIS STYLE."



"IN THIS SORT OF RING I HAVE TO FIND MY OWN PURSE, LIKE ANY OTHER HEAVY FATHER."



"IF YOU WILL ORDER 'SECONDS' OUT OF THE RING I WILL SHOW YOU SOMETHING."

Young Ahearn, it will be remembered by our readers, was to have boxed against Carpentier at the Stadium, Shepherd's Bush, on Monday last, Aug. 17, but owing to the absence of the Frenchman, who returned to France to fight for his country instead, a match was arranged with

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

[Continued opposite.]



## AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH — YOUNG AHEARN.



*Continued.]*

Gunboat Smith. Young Ahearn has been somewhat of a "dark horse" so far as the general public is concerned, for we know far less about him, both in public and private life, than of most of the other aspirants to Championship honours. We have, therefore, induced him to pose for an "Illustrated Interview" at Brighton, where he has been training. These lines will be printed before the result of the fight can be known.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*





## SIR JOHN FRENCH.

ACCORDING to some people, Sir John French is at the wrong end of the telephone. To anybody who has seen him campaigning, the idea that he is held up in Whitehall while England is at war comes as an outrage on nature. But while that is a view quite properly taken by men who remember Elandslaagte, the relief of Kimberly, and the capture of Barberton, there is another view held with equal propriety by men who have done office and inspection work within range of his abounding energy. He is a great worker, whether in the saddle or in a revolving chair.

**The Deaf Ear.** In a sense he is at the only possible end of the telephone. Were he at the other end—at the field end, that is—he would, to put it mildly, make a bad listener. The receiver would always be clapped to a deaf ear, cultivated for that particular purpose. The mere fact that modern wars must be waged over the 'phone would seem to throw a soldier of Sir John's temper out of a job in so far as active service is concerned. It is difficult to place him in line with a vast and orderly army moving slowly against another army of equal measure, or to think of him as a unit in the murderous orderliness of a battle-line of a million men getting into position for inevitable butchery within a given space. We think of him, rather as a free-lance careering over Africa.

**Spurs, and the Moment.** The telephone, to the old-fashioned soldier, suggests manœuvres. It reminds one of a story of Bisley. Once, when Lord Roberts was watching the firing at the butts, he noticed two or three mistakes on the part of the markers. So he went to the telephone on the firing line and rang up the officer in charge. "The marking is very bad," he said. "It's the best you'll get," retorted the other. "Do you know who I am?" sternly demanded "Bobs." "No, I don't." "I'm Lord Roberts." "Well, I'm Lord Wolseley." Sir John French has never been a manœuvres man in the sense that Buller was, or in the sense that the Kaiser is. He had new problems to cope with in South Africa, and he coped with them according to plans made on the spur of the moment.

**Oil and Iron.** During anxious times in South Africa he acquired the very useful knack of reviving the spirits of his men. He acted as a tonic—a mixture of oil and iron. The present war differs so enormously from the last that it gives no clue to the particular virtues required of our

Generals. In South Africa the ground to be covered was larger, the movements of the enemy obscurer—indeed, the men on the spot knew as little about the strategical positions of the Boers or their objective as we in London knew last week about the position of

affairs in Belgium. The result was that, after a day of rumours and the discomfort of occasional sniping, the private soldier would be restless and disheartened. The enemy, invisible by day, always seemed to be hovering round at night-fall, and the men, in such circumstances, would rather do anything than bivouac. They did not like the idea of being trapped with their girths loosened and their belts undone. But French had only to show himself to put them at their ease. "Here comes Johnnie," they would say, and unbuckle.

**Authoritarian.** The characteristic that makes his officers feel safe with him is the explicit nature of his orders. He leaves nothing vague, which means that he never throws the responsibility on the other shoulders. His orders meet the case, and if they go wrong he blames himself. There are officers, and distinguished officers, who have a name for

couching their orders in such terms that the man who takes them is virtually left with the sense of being in command. "Distinguished" officers of that class may sometimes slip into important commands, but they do not get called on in times of emergency. Sir John has been called upon; nor is his willingness to carry his own loads any less valuable at home than it is abroad.

**At the "Woffice."**

Like Sir Evelyn Wood and General Wauchope, Sir John started work in the Navy. Born at Ripple Vale, Ripple, among the orchards of Kent, his boyish fancy turned to the wave. But forty years of service on land and a moustache have made a typical-looking soldier. His time has been spent as much among horses as among men: his first regiment was the 8th Hussars, his second the 19th (with which he served in the Soudan Campaign of 1884-5), and since then his work (as it still is by preference) has been with cavalry. He has commanded the 1st Cavalry Brigade, the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, and one after another of the Cavalry Divisions in South Africa. As Inspector-General of Forces, he proved himself a very keen critic of the Army and its mounts, and during the present crisis his knowledge of horseflesh has made itself felt through all the stables of England. A member of the "Mentals" as well as the "Regimentals," he belongs besides to the Marlborough and the Cavalry. For the moment his only club is the War Office, where he is helping to move the pieces on the chess-board of Europe.



COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE FOR THE GREAT WAR: FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH (FORMERLY OF THE ROYAL NAVY).



WIFE OF THE LEADER OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: LADY FRENCH.

Field-Marshal Sir John French, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., who is Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force, may be said to have won his spurs as a dashing leader of cavalry in the South African War. Born in 1852, he first joined the Navy, entering the "Britannia" in 1866. He served as a naval cadet and midshipman in the Royal Navy for four years, and then entered the 8th Hussars in 1874. Transferring to the 19th Hussars, he served through the Soudan Campaign, 1884-85, and he commanded the regiment from 1889-93. He was re-appointed Inspector-General of the Forces on the outbreak of war. Lady French, who married Field-Marshal Sir John French in 1880, may claim to come of a military family herself; for her brother, Mr. W. Selby-Lowndes, J.P., served in the South African War with the Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry, whilst her mother is a daughter of Lieutenant-General Lechmere Worrall.

Photographs by Russell and Lafayette.



## BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: PATRIOTISM AT THE HALLS.



## PATRIOTISM WITHOUT JINGOISM: "THE SONG THAT NERVES A NATION'S HEART," LIKEWISE THE RECITATION, AT SOME LEADING LONDON MUSIC HALLS.

It is satisfactory to note that there is an absence of "Jingoism" in the patriotic songs, evoked by the war, which now find place on the programmes of the principal Halls. The Empire is giving a patriotic song-scena, "Stick to Your Guns," with words by Mr. Arthur Wimperis, and music by Mr. Herman Finck. It is sung by

Mr. Leslie Stiles. "Soldiers of the King," at the Coliseum, contains tableaux and a chorus of forty, and is conducted by the composer, Mr. Leslie Stuart. Mr. C. Hayden Coffin's singing of "Tommy Atkins," and Mr. Leo Stormont's patriotic recitations, at the Palladium, have both found great favour.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

CYNTHIA looked up with a smile of welcome as I came in.

"Good afternoon," I said. "I've called about the little account."

She waved an incomparably moulded arm in the direction of a chair on the other side of the tea-table near the fire.

"Do sit down, Mr. Ponsonby, and have some tea, and try not to be silly," she urged.

"I will sit down and I will have some tea," I said obediently; "but I don't dare to hope or to suppose that I shan't be silly."

Cynthia daintily nibbled things whilst I drank tea in silence.

"It is very charming of you to come and see me, Mr. Ponsonby. I was just beginning to feel dreadfully lonely," she said. "What good angel made you arrive at such an opportune moment?"

"Business," I said laconically.

Cynthia took up another iced indigestible and looked across at me in perplexity.

"Business!" she echoed. "I didn't know you had any business."

"But I have," I retorted; "and it concerns you."

"Concerns me!" she said, astonished. "How?"

"It concerns you," I repeated doggedly, "and a little account."

"Oh," said Cynthia, with an air of relief. "It's that nonsense you were talking when you came in."

"It isn't nonsense," I protested; "it's very serious. The account in question is three quarters overdue, and I am here to demand an early settlement," I added, with a frown.

"If it's a conundrum, I give it up," said Cynthia, with a charming air of resignation.

I cleared my throat in a professional manner and frowned at her.

"You will doubtless remember," I said, in firm, business-like tones, "that some nine months ago I put a certain very important question to you—in short, I asked you to do me the honour of becoming Mrs. Ponsonby. One moment," I said sternly, as Cynthia made as if to speak. "Allow me to continue. The—er—proposition did not appeal to you. In other words, to quote Stock Exchange phraseology, there was 'nothing doing.'"

"Is that a Stock Exchange phrase?" asked Cynthia doubtfully.

"The Ponsonby family motto being 'Never surrender,' I refused to be beaten," I went on, disregarding Cynthia's irrelevant outburst. "I intimated to you then that you owed a debt to society in general, and to myself in particular, that could only be discharged by agreeing to my proposition, and I warned you that I should call round to collect that debt until it was paid."

"How delightfully you put it, Mr. Ponsonby," gurgled Cynthia, as she deftly beheaded a cake. "It sounds quite romantic."

"That debt has never been paid," I said reprovingly. "I called round on Lady Day and at Midsummer, and now Michaelmas is but a memory, and still—"

"And still there is 'nothing doing,'" cried Cynthia, leaning back luxuriously in the chair.

"And still the debt is unpaid," I amended, with another frown. "I am here to demand a settlement in full."

Cynthia leaned two dimpled arms on the table and eyed me solemnly. "Mr. Ponsonby," she said quietly, "I like you very much—very much indeed—but—"

"As you still refuse to recognise the liability, I shall have to make another demand next quarter day," I said determinedly. "I shall apply formally every three months until the account is paid in full."

"Much better wipe it off the books," said Cynthia. "Do try a muffin, before they get cold."

I wrung my hands in anguish.

"I ask for sweet consolation and the payment of a debt, and you offer me partially cold muffins," I said reproachfully.

"It's all I can offer you to-day, Mr. Ponsonby," said Cynthia.

"Now, do be sensible about it. I'll be a sister to you."

I pondered for a few minutes. "Well, that has its advantages," I said, brightening up. "The position of a brother to a very pretty sister carries with it certain privileges."

"For instance?" inquired Cynthia.

"The privilege of kissing her," I said promptly, as I stood up and walked over to her.

Cynthia waved me away with protesting hands.

"Not *this* kind of sister," she declared. "Now, sit down and let me talk to you. You will find some very nice little girl, much more worthy than I am, and—"

"They all say that," I observed gloomily.

"What's that?" demanded Cynthia suspiciously.

"I mean it is the stock phrase," I said hastily. "I've read about it in books and things."

"You will find some nice little girl," went on Cynthia, still rather suspiciously, "marry her, and—"

"And live unhappily ever after," I said, determined to be miserable at all costs. I got my hat and stick.

"But she must be *really* nice, of course," said Cynthia decisively, looking at me doubtfully, as if not quite certain that I was capable of making a selection. "Come and see me again when you've found her, and I'll tell you what I think of her."

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## A Novel in a Nutshell.

- - PAID IN FULL - -

BY LEONARD K. UNWIN.

I took her hand dejectedly. "Not even one?" I pleaded mournfully.

"One what?" said Cynthia, in bewilderment.

"One little kiss," I begged. "A purely brotherly salute."

Cynthia looked bewitchingly perplexed for a moment.

"Well, just a tiny little one," she conceded demurely.

"I've got something on account, at any rate," I said, with great satisfaction, as I went out.

Three weeks later I dropped in again for tea. "You have not been to see me for a month," she said reproachfully.

"Three weeks and a day," I corrected.

"But why?" she demanded imperiously.

"I've been busy," I explained, "looking round for Mrs. Ponsonby."

"Oh!" said Cynthia, not seeming at all so enthusiastic and interested as I expected she would be.

"And I've found her," I said triumphantly.

"Oh!" said Cynthia, still less enthusiastically, and with an obvious entire lack of interest.

"Yes, I've found her," I said, feeling justifiably proud of my own astuteness. "I think you'll like her."

Cynthia did not speak. She was absorbingly engaged with the cake-basket.

"Well, you haven't asked who it is," I said reproachfully.

"Oh, who is it?" she inquired perfunctorily.

"Enid Tressider," I said impressively.

Cynthia was still exploring the inmost recesses of the cake-basket.

"Well, will she do?" I demanded anxiously.

"Hideous little freak!" burst out Cynthia vehemently.

I sat back in a dumbfounded state of inarticulation.

"A preposterous creature!" snapped Cynthia, digging viciously at a piece of cake.

"I thought she was rather nice," I said meekly. "She has ripping auburn hair—"

"Carrotty!" snapped Cynthia.

"A peach-like complexion."

"Changed every day!" snorted Cynthia.

"Charming eyes."

"Doll-like!" decided Cynthia.

"Exquisite little nose."

"Pug!" sniffed Cynthia.

"Dainty little feet."

"Shoes two sizes too small!" said Cynthia.

"And a ravishing figure."

"Padded!" said Cynthia decisively.

I had no more by way of argument. Cynthia's merciless vivisection of the charming Enid left me with no more material to work on. I felt like a man who had been unwillingly dragged to see a surgical operation.

"And is that the best you could do?" demanded Cynthia pityingly, after an uncomfortable pause.

I nodded weakly.

"Perhaps she'll be happy," said Cynthia ruminatively, although there was not much conviction in her tone.

"But what about me?" I cried reproachfully. "Don't I count in this?"

"Oh, you—you don't deserve to be happy," said Cynthia coldly.

"Why?" I gasped.

"Not if you can't exercise more discretion than that," she said contemptuously. "You haven't even an elementary idea of going about the business."

"But I've had no experience," I pleaded. "And I was so anxious to please you," I added pathetically.

Cynthia did not reply, and I rose to go.

"Have you spoken to her about the—er—on the matter?" asked Cynthia suddenly.

"Not yet," I said dejectedly. "Well, good-bye."

I had reached the door when Cynthia spoke again. "Are you in a hurry, Mr. Ponsonby?" she asked in an indifferent tone.

"Not particularly."

"Have you time to talk business for a moment?" she said quietly.

"What business?" I said, mystified.

"About the account—the overdue account," she explained.

I put my hat and stick down and waited in delicious suspense.

"I've been thinking about that account, Mr. Ponsonby. It is time that it was paid," she said decisively.

I crossed over to her and looked at her undecidedly. It seemed incredible, but there was Cynthia looking enchantingly serious.

"I don't like owing debts," she said very softly, raising two tantalising eyes to mine.

Two minutes later, Cynthia complained that her hair was hopelessly disordered.

"There's only three quarters overdue, you know," she protested, laughing tremulously.

"Yes, but I've been taking payment in full," I told her. "And now for the interest!"

THE END.



## OUTSIDE THE THEATRE OF WAR.



WHY NOT GO TO THE PLAY AS USUAL? THE RESULTS OF STAYING AT HOME AND GETTING WAR ON THE NERVES.

Some people seem to think that it is wrong, or at least, inappropriate, to go to theatres and other places of amusement in war time. We must not forget, though, that theatres give employment to very large numbers of people, who would be

thrown out of work and put to much hardship if the theatres were not patronised. The motto "Business as usual," should surely apply equally to the business of entertainment. Moreover, theatres may do much to cheer the spirit of the nation

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE Grand Duchess of Luxembourg may at last find herself in sympathy with the Queen of Holland. "An over-rated monarch," was one of her youthful indiscretions about her neighbour; but the German menace, if it puts them on the same footing, should bring about a more sisterly feeling. The Grand Duchess, though necessarily a smaller figure than the Queen, is at all times more showy. She has some of the other's simplicity, but hers is the simplicity of a young woman who knows how to be very effective. She wears little jewellery; despite her great riches, but her "single row of priceless pearls" brings her into line with the favourite heroines of the typical American novel. That single string must be worth quite half the Grand Duchy's total revenue.



THE POPULAR ACTOR-AIRMAN FOR ACTIVE SERVICE: MR. ROBERT LORRAINE.

The well-known actor-aviator, Mr. Robert Lorraine, hero of many sensational flights, and hero in many popular plays, has been granted a Commission in the Royal Military Aviation Corps, and has proceeded to the front.

Photograph by P.P.A.

left behind the personal belongings that would in the ordinary way have gone with them even on a month's holiday. What becomes of

In Carlton House Terrace.

Though the German Embassy has lost its brass plate, it still shows signs of life. The American authorities in London are, so to speak, caretaking in Carlton House Terrace, and though most of the business of advising and helping the stranded subjects of the Kaiser is transacted elsewhere, it has been necessary to have access to the old German headquarters. Evidence of Prince and Princess Lichnowsky's hurried departure is to be seen everywhere; they have gone with them even on a month's holiday. What becomes of the debris of a charming and cultivated family, of all the mementos of a dozen close English friendships? America, presumably, in all the topsy-turvy capitals of Europe will look after and ultimately restore the little things that even a great war does not necessarily scatter to the four winds of decivilisation.

Real Allies.

Though Count Mensdorff has now made his farewells, the war does not rob Downing Street of its chief personal friends among the diplomats. Count Benckendorff, as luck has it, is, of all the Ambassadors, the most intimate with the Prime Minister and the Prime Minister's family, and at the last unofficial dinner-party given before the war at No. 10 the Russian Ambassador was the only important

foreigner present. In the same way, at Mrs. Asquith's garden-party M. Cambon was the only Ambassador who took his strawberries and cream from Miss Asquith.

Lady Knox's "No able-bodied man need apply." Such are the terms of Lady Knox's advertisement for a chauffeur, a groom-gardener, and a gardener. Her old servants have all taken up arms, and she is not at all anxious to replace them by men who are able to do likewise. She would rather consider the application of a cripple than engage a man who might be making himself useful with a rifle—she only draws the line at a blind chauffeur! Lady Knox quite naturally applies her patriotism in the home, for she has kept house for that fine soldier and good Englishman General Sir William Knox for just a quarter of a century.

Mr. Belloc's Disguise? The French restaurants are finding favour with the restless Londoner. Mr. Nevinson held court at a table in Soho the night after getting back from Berlin, and liked the change of fare. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, too, has returned to *poulet en casserole* and *vin ordinaire* in Gerrard Street. He is the hero of the French waiters and all British military experts, and his two-year-old prophecy in regard to Liège ranks as one of the most remarkable pages in the literature of the present war. But what is the meaning of Mr. Belloc's tonsure? The shaven circle gives an unexpectedly priestly look to the man we are all thinking of as a strategist.

Lowered Lights. The economic discomforts and distresses of warfare must so often filter down to the poorer sections of society that it is comforting to see the world of Variety cope with the situation in a spirit of generosity. The "Stars," according to a plan suggested by Mr. Charles Gulliver and other important managers of halls, are accepting half-pay in order that the rank and file of the profession may continue to draw full salaries. Miss Marie Lloyd jumped at the proposal with characteristic heartiness, and others are following her example. This is a class of economy that hurts nobody badly. A thing to remember, however, is that most economies hurt the poor much more than they hurt the moneyed classes who practise them. Cut down your cigarettes and cigars and you throw the factory girls out of work; keep away from the stalls and boxes of the theatres and music-halls, and, in the ordinary way, the chorus and the orchestra are the first to suffer. It really is a most perplexing problem to know what is best to do.



A LOSS TO LONDON SOCIETY: COUNT MENSENDORFF, WHO HAS BEEN HANDED HIS PASSPORTS ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

War having been declared between Austria and Great Britain, the Austrian Ambassador was handed his passports on Aug. 13, and arrangements were put in hand for his departure. Count Albert Mensdorff has spent many years in this country, where he was extremely popular in Society. He is also well known and esteemed in Paris and St. Petersburg, where at different times he has held diplomatic appointments.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



EQUIPPING A BASE HOSPITAL FOR THE FRONT: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER WITH A DOCTOR AT THE WAR OFFICE.

The Duchess of Westminster is organising a base hospital to go to the seat of war with all possible speed. She is giving £1000 and guaranteeing £400 a month so long as the hospital is required. The Duke of Westminster has subscribed £15,000 to the Prince of Wales's Fund. The Duchess, who was married in 1901, is the daughter of Mr. Cornwallis-West and Lady Olivia FitzPatrick.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



A FAMOUS VIOLINIST AT THE FRONT: KREISLER REJOINS THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

Herr Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, who is a Captain in the Austrian Army, has rejoined his regiment and is now stationed at Graz. Mrs. Kreisler has accompanied her husband, and has become a Red Cross nurse.

Photograph by P.P.A.



## THE MASSING OF WAR COLUMNS.



NO WONDER THERE'S A PAPER FAMINE! MANY EDITIONS AND THE MAN.

When the great war broke out, the newspaper-reader naturally thought that he was in for a constant succession of thrills. As a matter of fact, though the papers have been full of interest, the actual war news has been scanty, and he often finds

himself reading in the late special the same item that he read at the breakfast-table. Moral, if you would see the war read "The Illustrated London News," "The Illustrated War News" and, for the lighter side, "The Sketch."

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





# BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

WHEN that new epoch which will follow the war does begin—when, too, in future years, we talk to our grandchildren about the days that preceded its declaration and the emotions that came with the casting of the die—it will be interesting if we

have some record of how the crisis fell on the different types of common citizen, how this business and that was affected, how each varying kind of humanity felt the shock.

On the morning that followed the beginning of hostilities I was betimes at my office and opened all my own letters. Mine is a publisher's business. Its post is always interesting, and sometimes curious. Freaks of all kinds write to a publisher—or come to see him. And whatever else that pile of letters and newspapers may produce, it surely produces, day after day, year after year, a long list of orders for books—books old and new, books produced so long ago, in some cases, that everyone concerned in their production has

few people bought it. A few copies were sold, a very few. It lingered on in my cellars for a few years, and then, in spite of the bravery of its two volumes of beautiful type, in spite of the fact that it was introduced and edited by Mr. J. M. Robertson—then more of a rebel than one imagines he is now, but then, as now, a great scholar—in spite of the fact that it wasn't dear—in spite of all these things, and columns of "good reviews," it was "remaindered," and I had to swallow a loss of a hundred or more pounds. But it was not this last sad memory that leapt to my consciousness as I turned over the German postcard. I thought rather of the German mind. I pictured to myself that German scholar who, deep in his study of the country that he didn't like, thought little of what was happening in his street, in his town, but had learned that there was once a good edition of that 1711 book and forthwith sent for it. I imagined his disappointment. In any case he wouldn't have got the book from me; but he doesn't know that. All he knows is that his order was given two or three

days too late. He will have to do without the famous "Inquiry concerning Virtue and Merit." He will have to suspend his study till the end of the war. He will have to turn to other subjects and other authors. Perhaps in very chagrin he will go out and fight. But all the time he will have in his mind that there has come a pause to his life's work, that even if he persists and turns to "Moll Flanders" and the pamphlets of Defoe, still there will remain, till he can get his Shaftesbury, a deadening lacuna in his knowledge, in his picture of the eighteenth-century England.

Truly I am sorry for him. I wish I knew his name. I wish I knew his address. I would save them until after the war is over, and then I would offer to lend him my own rare copy of the book. He keeps alight in some German town the

brave German virtue of exact and laborious scholarship. Scholarship has no frontiers. . .

I pause for a moment though. Perhaps the order came, not for a spectacled professor, but from one of the secretaries of the Kaiser. The Earl of Shaftesbury dealt with affairs of high moment. It is not at all unlikely that the German Emperor wished to fortify himself with a reading of "An Inquiry concerning Virtue and Merit."



A WELL-KNOWN CRICKETER FOR THE WAR: MR. K. H. C. WOODROFFE.

Mr. Woodroffe, who has gone to the front, is the well-known Cambridge cricket Blue.

Photograph by Sport and General.

almost forgotten their existence: books that have to be answered, "out of print." But on this particular morning there were no ordinary orders at all, or practically none. Someone wanted a copy of Mr. A. J. Dawson's "The Message," and there was a request from a press-cutting agency to be allowed to send reviews of "The Golden Asse of Apuleius" to its translator, William Adlington, who died some hundreds of years ago. (Such things constantly happen.) Also there was, in the whole morning's post, the magnificent sum of eight shillings and elevenpence in a postal order and stamps—an uncrossed postal order, luckily, as it was possible to turn it immediately into cash. All the banks were closed, of course, and no one had any ready money. Even a few shillings were useful.

And then, after turning over the provincial newspapers and wondering whether, while I was still alone, I should trouble to open them, I found one other postcard that had evaded discovery. It was from a famous German bookseller, the great bookseller of a great German town: "Kindly let me know whether you can supply Shaftesbury's 'Characteristics of Men' and whether it contains the 'Inquiry concerning Virtue and Merit.'" Now, I am not advertising this admirable book. I couldn't sell a copy of it to anyone, however much he might want it. I published it years and years ago. Very



ANOTHER CRICKETER FOR THE WAR: MR. R. B. LAGDEN.

Mr. Lagden, like Mr. Woodroffe, is also a Cambridge cricket Blue, and a hockey International.

Photograph by Sport and General.



A CAMBRIDGE ATHLETE FOR THE WAR: MR. J. V. BYRNE JOHNSON.

Mr. Byrne Johnson, who has also applied for a Commission, is a Cambridge athletic Blue.

Photograph by Sport and General.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Women and War.** There is not the faintest doubt that English-women of all classes, from Princess to factory-girl, are ready and willing to give time, money, and help in the great war which is upon us, yet enormous numbers of them do not know which way to begin. There is always, on these occasions, the danger of useless and futile effort. One pictures multitudes of amiable ladies in drawing-rooms busily knitting helmets and stomachers which will never reach the warriors for whom they are intended, for "stores" have a curious way of remaining on quays or at railway-stations until the struggle is over. It requires the genius and audacity of a Florence Nightingale (who, we must always remember, was "backed" by the Minister for War during the Crimean campaign) to overcome such difficulties. Finding our soldiers perishing for want of necessities which were already at Scutari, our great national heroine cut Red Tape and the ropes of the packages at one blow, and helped herself to what our troops required. Owing to her unceasing efforts, the Royal Army Medical Staff and Army nurses are in a very different state to-day; but still there is much to be done, and civilian nurses will undoubtedly be called upon in large numbers to help the medical staff. It is here that the Red Cross will be of such incalculable service.

**Women Surgeons and Physicians.** Clearly we shall require, in the field,

in base-hospitals, and in the many princely mansions which are being freely offered for the sick and wounded—all the best medical and surgical talent of the day. I am quite sure that the women "medicals" will rise to the occasion. Possibly the big hospitals will at last waive their objections to women doctors, and invite the most talented to take the place, in the London and provincial centres, of those eminent male surgeons who should be at the front or in hospital-ships and base-hospitals in the North Sea. Mrs. St. Clair Stobart's Convoy Corps—consisting entirely of feminine surgeons, dressers, and nurses—showed their mettle and did yeoman service during the Balkan War, and they will assuredly be heard of again in the present gigantic conflict. The demand on fully trained nurses will, of course, be abnormal, leaving the civil population of these islands who may be sick, in dire need of care; and it is here that women who have some knowledge of nursing can best help their country. It behoves everyone to take a hand in keeping the civilian part of the population in good health, cheerful, and courageous. If we were to exhibit ourselves as nervous or subject to panics we should have lost the fine spirit of our fathers; and I fancy the German war party, who alone are responsible for this struggle, counted on a certain amount of degeneration in the British people—a degeneration which is more apparent than real.

**The Advantage of Keeping Fit.**

One has only to look at the long companies of Territorials in their khaki marching away—splendid young fellows in their size, breadth of chest, and shining health and cleanliness—to realise how important

it is to keep "fit." Many of them are shopmen, clerks, and what-not; precisely of this material was made the victorious armies of the North in the American Civil War of 1861-4. If we have sometimes smiled at their preoccupation with football and cricket, their passion for fierce cycling, their love of boxing contests, and the like, we must acknowledge that, facing a huge standing army, these English boys have done everything that patriotism demanded of them. They are in perfect physical health and condition, imperturbably cool, and, properly led by experienced Army officers, should make admirable defenders in any raid on the Mother Country. For we must remember that the Germans cannot invade these shores in any serious force: they are already too much preoccupied on their eastern and western frontiers. What they will probably essay to do is to create a panic by landing "forlorn hopes"—small masses of men—here and there, who will play the part of the submarine in naval warfare, and be condemned, almost inevitably, to destruction.

**The Material-Minded German.**

That the Germans are no longer influenced by sentiment, or can even understand the spiritual ideals of other peoples, is quite evident from their cynical treatment both of the French and of ourselves. The great blunder of Bismarck was to annex the whole of Alsace-Lorraine after the Franco-German War of 1870. He could not make loyal Teutons of the seized provinces, and they have been a thorn in the side of the Fatherland ever since. France has never forgotten, and though of late years she spoke little of "La Revanche," she thought all the more, and prepared herself for it with an amazing concentration of mind and energy. The Germans bled the vanquished French white in the way of an outrageous war-indemnity after the last war, yet I have never heard a middle-aged Frenchman murmur: all their thoughts have been fixed on those lost lands, so passionately French in feeling, which they meant to regain some day. In spite of Mr. Norman Angell's ingenious theories, questions of money do not enter into the feelings of a people in war-time—only those of territories and nationalities. It is cynical to count on pecuniary fears: man—and woman too—is a nobler animal than that. Apparently the German Foreign Office thought they could bargain with the British Lion to remain neutral, and they have had a rude awakening.



FASHION'S LATEST FORMS: FROCKS AND MILLINERY OF THE MOMENT.

The seated figure is seen in a frock of embroidered white Ninon, with tucks and insertions of fine lace. With it is worn a sleeveless coat of emerald-green moiré silk, with bow and ends of black ribbon patterned in shades of old rose, green, and gold. The hat is made of white silk with emerald-green straw brim and black plumes. The other dress has a corsage of pale yellow crêpe-de-Chine, with fine white lawn collar, and a waistcoat of black charmeuse with clouded amber buttons. The skirt is of yellow taffeta over an under-skirt of pleated black tulle; and the hat worn with this costume is made of black varnished straw trimmed with black ribbon and yellow muslin roses.

**London a Martial City.**

I have always thought that London would have been gayer, more virile, and more attractive if we had had more soldiers about and more military bands and parades. Now there is a continuous tramping of armed men, the clatter of cavalry horses, a sound of military bands, a vision of fluttering flags. The moral effect of all this on recruiting is enormous; even an eager Boy Scout makes an impression on the populace which he never did before. When this war is happily over, I fancy we shall never be quite the same bourgeois city again.



WORK FOR THE PATRIOTIC MOTORIST: HELPING THE TRADESMEN: AND BRINGING IN RECRUITS.

### How the Motorist Can Help.

Hard on the heels of the announcement that England had declined to desert her ally France, came an appeal from the Royal Automobile Club to its members for the raising of a vast corps of motor-cars for active service. The Automobile Association and Motor Union followed suit, and laid down in advance a specific total of ten thousand as a desired number. It may be said at once that the response to each appeal alike was immediate and generous. There will be no lack of cars for whatever purposes cars may be required, and the only question to be considered is how they may be used to the best advantage. For purely military purposes they certainly will not be wanted to anything like the extent of the supply. England is not faced with a sudden invasion, involving the need for the despatch of troops by any and every available means to the coast. A certain number of cars, it is true, were commandeered at once by the military authorities, both from the factories and from private owners, to supplement those already owned by the Army itself; but the immediate needs in that respect have been met, and there remains the problem of how to employ the vast array of volunteer help.

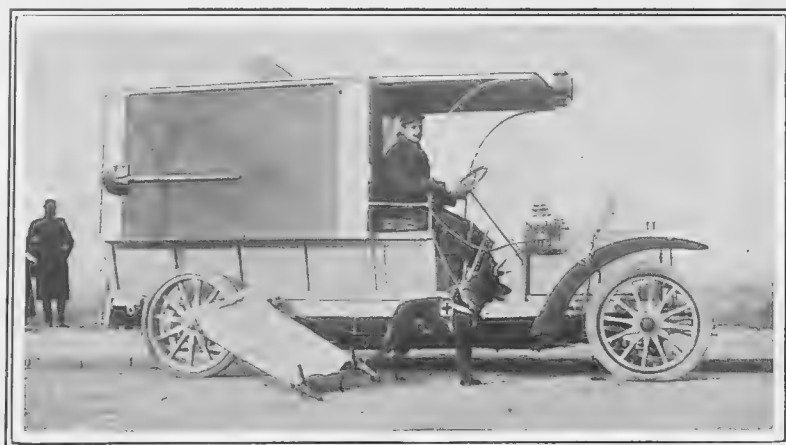
### The Distribution of Food.

From an answer in the House of Commons it is clear that, in the first instance, the most pressing requirement will be the distribution of food, for the simple reason that many tradesmen have had their horses commandeered for Army service. Butchers and bakers, accordingly, are unable to perform their usual morning rounds, and cars can come to the rescue in this respect in no uncertain fashion. It is more prosaic, perhaps, to distribute loaves by limousine than to carry soldiers, but the essence of the situation is that help should be rendered wherever it is most urgently required.

### Inquiries Needed.

Many other uses will suggest themselves as time goes on. In some cases, no doubt, personal inconvenience has been caused by the sudden commandeering of cars without distinction on the open road, and private owners who have escaped this necessary but compulsory appropriation may be able to fill the gap with their own cars in circumstances where they can be put to good use. Lord Kitchener, for example, has suggested that great help can be given by conveying would-be recruits by motor from out-lying villages to the recruiting centres. Then there is the question of the drivers

who may have been called out as reserves or who may have volunteered for active service; and in some cases it may be desirable that their places should be filled. The thing for every private owner to do, however, is to abandon for the nonce the idea of military service as such, and make inquiries in his own neighbourhood as to any want that remains to be fulfilled; in that case, the speed and handiness of the motor vehicle may find outlets innumerable for their effective employment, and motorists will have incidentally earned the goodwill of the community to a degree which should stand them in good stead when hostilities have ceased—though, it should be needless to say, that is in no sense the object of their voluntary service.



TO SAVE LIFE ON THE BATTLEFIELD: A FRENCH ARMY MOTOR-AMBULANCE FULLY EQUIPPED FOR SERVICE.

Immediately it is possible to enter the firing zone after battle, automobile ambulances will dash out to pick up the wounded. Up to then the wagons with their stretchers and attendants are kept under cover in hollows of the ground as close as possible to where the reserve battalions are posted. Our illustration shows one such ambulance.—[Photograph by Topical.]



A "FIRST-AID" DOG: A CANINE RED CROSS WORKER ATTACHED TO A MOTOR-AMBULANCE.

In the French ambulance service trained dogs are used, not only to hunt for the wounded in outlying parts of a battlefield, but also to enter the fiery zone in battle. Each bears a Geneva Red Cross badge and carries on its chest a little case with stimulants and first-aid requisites such as a wounded man on the ground able to use his hands might avail himself of.

Photograph by Topical.

### "A Few Appreciations."

There is nothing like a genuine testimony from a private owner, based upon actual experience, for carrying conviction as to the merits of a particular car, and the Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Company has done well to reproduce, under the above title, a considerable number of letters which the firm has received from its own clientele. They testify in practical and interesting fashion to the satisfaction with which the various owners in question have used their cars, and among the points which are repeatedly emphasised are freedom from trouble and costly repair bills, coupled with general economy of running. The manual is embellished, moreover, with some fine full-page reproductions of photographs of Wolseley cars in picturesque settings, and is worth writing for if for no other reason. A copy will be sent by the firm to any address on the receipt of a postcard.

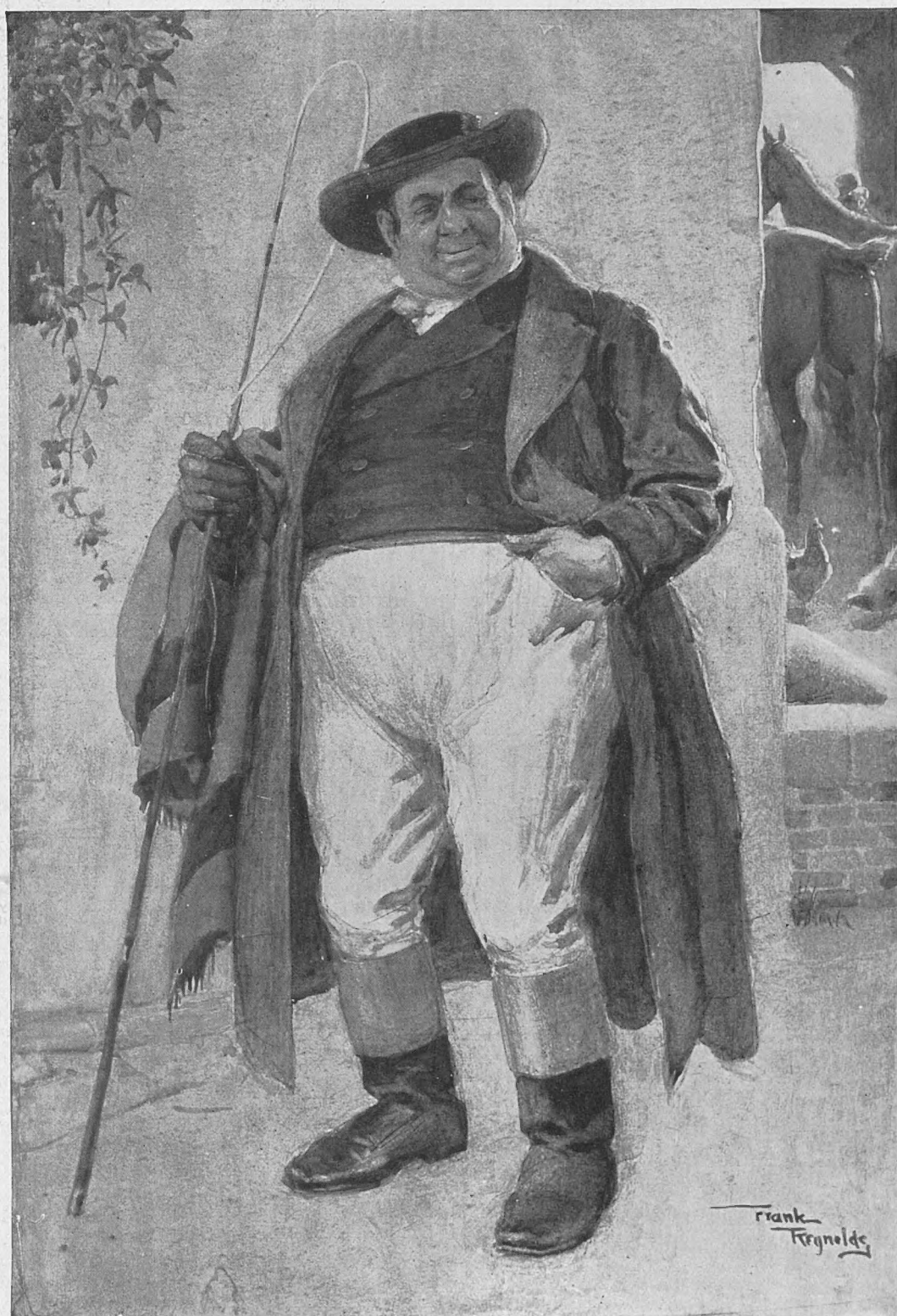
### More American Enterprise.

Steps are being taken to supply a well-known American car—the Maxwell—on a much more comprehensive scale than has hitherto been attempted. The Maxwell Motor Company announces that it has been studying the requirements of the British public; and its general sales manager, Mr. C. F. Redden, is now over in this country with a view to securing a wider distribution of the firm's products, on lines which will enable any motorist or potential motorist to see and test the car at a depot close to his own home. The erection of extensive English works is also contemplated, which will be good news for the labour market when the present war is concluded. The type of car which it is proposed to place on the British market is a five-seater, fully equipped and ready for the road, at £185.



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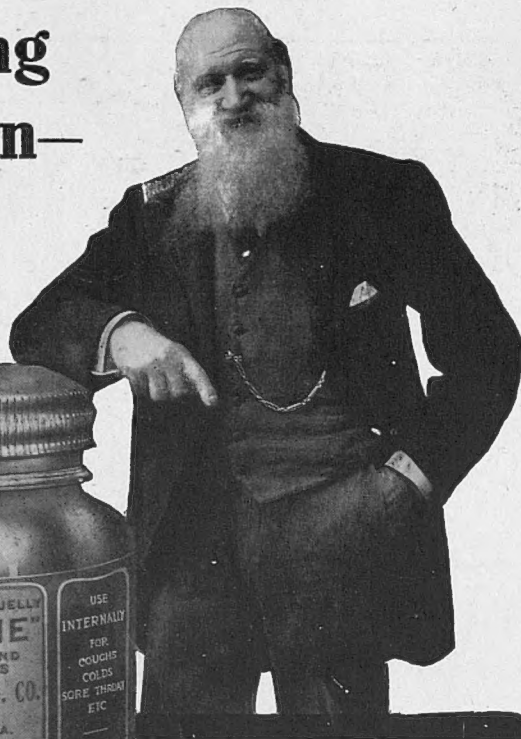
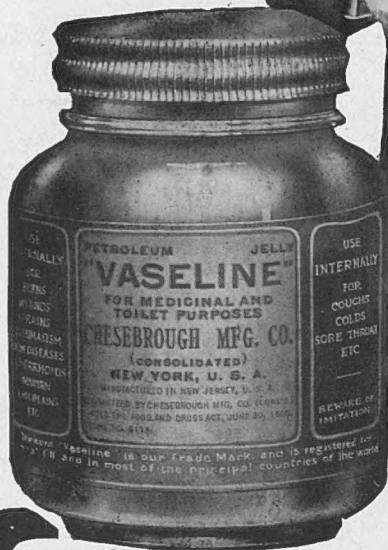
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fill two liqueur glasses, one with "OLD ST. MUNGO"—the other with your present whisky, add water, taste each critically in turn . . . you will instantly distinguish "OLD ST. MUNGO" by its smooth, creamy flavour and the absence of acidity. We will send you a plain trial case (1 dozen bottles, 2 gallons) of "OLD ST. MUNGO" Scotch Whisky, carriage paid to any railway station in Britain for 50/1. Fill out and post cheque now . . . while you remember.

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## LOTUS

THE Lotus factories, having a good stock of leather, are working as usual and hope to provide steady employment for their workpeople by supplying Lotus boots at the same prices as before the war.

Boots particularly suitable for campaigning are: Shooting Boots No. 358 brown, 32/-, No. 658 black, 32/-, these being most serviceable and exceedingly comfortable. Should the local agents not have the size required they will be pleased to obtain it from the factory in 24 hours.

Letters:  
Lotus Shoe Makers,  
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458—24/-

No rise in Lotus prices.



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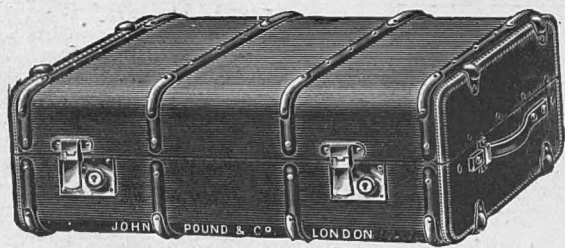
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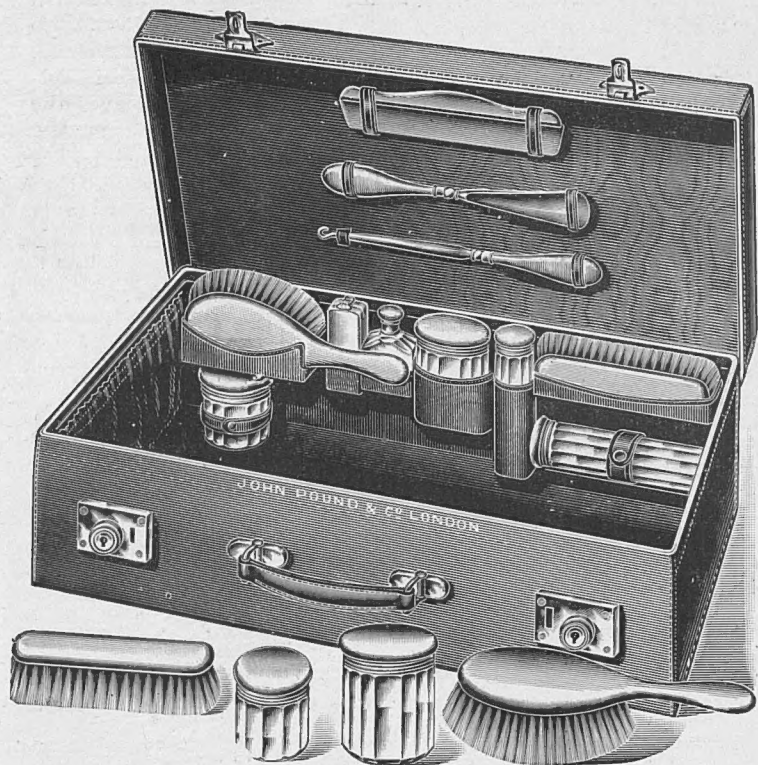
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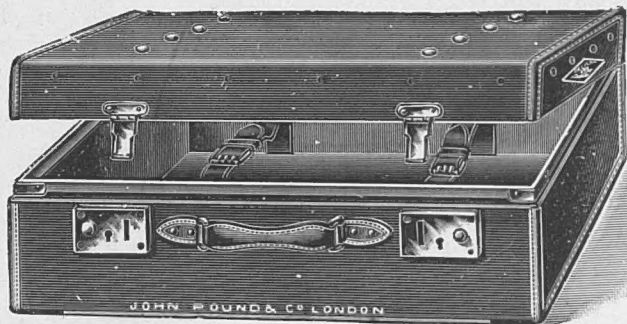
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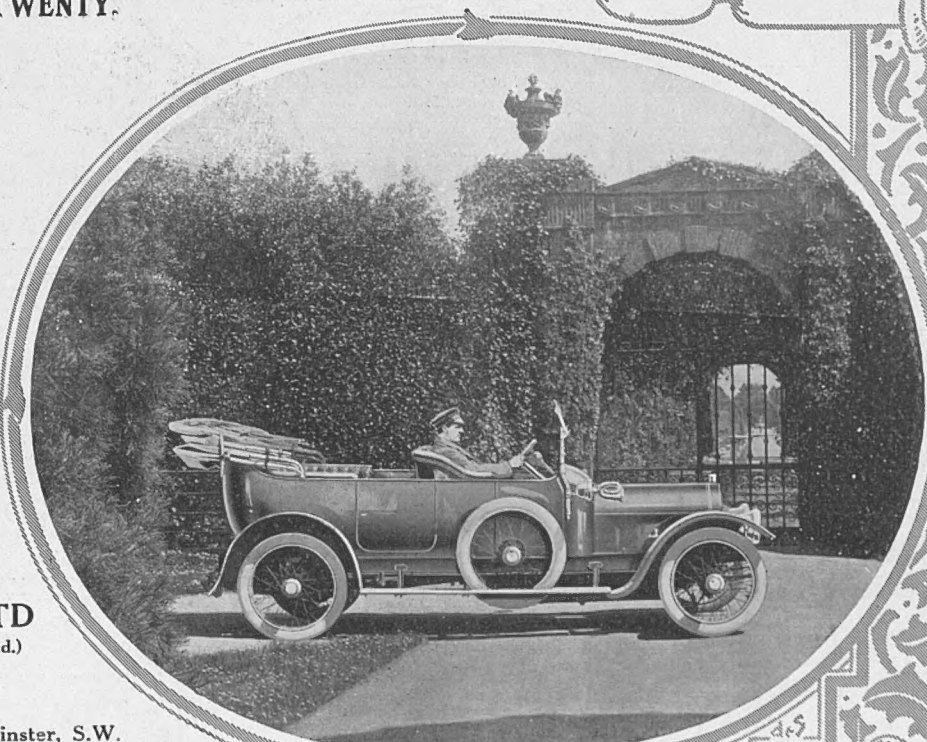
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## A NEW NOVEL.

## "Margot and Her Judges."

By RICHARD MARSH.  
(*Chatto and Windus.*)

It would be a pity if the reader should be put off by a ridiculous buhl table and some impossible people in the early chapters of Mr. Marsh's story. In spite of much fantastic clumsiness in the building of her fate, his heroine does manage to get into the affections, and will afford her admirers the enjoyment of some very thrilling scenes. Freaks of tables and freaks of people have first to be admitted; accept them, and in return may be found both love-making and intrigue of the most spirited kind. Margot herself, at whom theft after theft is thrown like unpleasant burrs, is only saved from being too piteous by a gallant, courageous humour. She lays her hostess's pearl necklace down upon a table for a moment, a moment in which the electric-light goes out, and it is never again seen until the close of the story. She is

in the same room some hours later when a small matter of £5000 in bank-notes disappears as mysteriously during another collapse of electricity. She is seen in her room trying on a necklace of beautiful pearls—she a poor actress, up to her eyes in debt—and then slipping it into a secret drawer of her jewel-case. The Jew usurer of immemorial type finds his bank-notes in her flat at Regent's Park. Well might Margot declare that she had at times to pinch herself to remember that she was not the thief her lovers, her friends, her father, and her whole world took her for. Mr. Marsh's readers may feel tempted to pinch themselves too, just to make sure they are awake, and not dropping into one of those mistaken after-luncheon naps which may seem the only milieu for such events. Mr. Marsh takes good care to avoid the possibility of such an explanation; no one can feel the least sleepy who is kept so tantalisingly intrigued. That is the reason why everyone who has started with the indictments against Margot will be in at the finish when she leaves the story without a stain on her delightful character.

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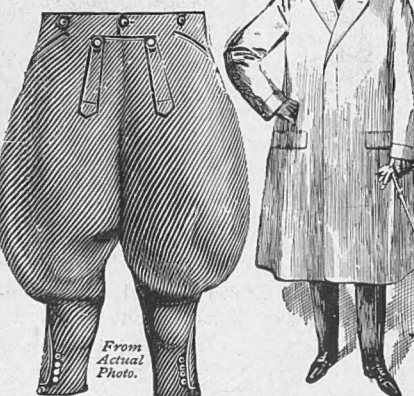


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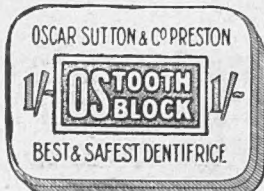
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